

*Journal*

*of*

*Juan Antonio*

*Hernandez*

By: Quinn Booser

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*September 7, 1539*

*My name is Juan Antonio Hernandez. I'm an orphan. My parents died when I was very young and I don't remember them. They left me in the care of the church. I'm 15 years old now and my whole life I have been helping the priests take care of the church and perform services. Today a man named Francisco Vasquez de Coronado came to ask me to be his assistant. He says that if I say yes we will travel far north to look for the lost cities of gold. Of course I said yes.*

*February 23, 1540*

*After a long journey across the Mexican desert, we cross into a new country. There sure are a lot of us. There are 340 spanish people, one thousand horses, one thousand slaves and he just hired 300 indians to help us. Francisco asked the indians if they had seen any gold and the indians replied "yes, there is gold". I'm not so sure, I see them laughing when he's not looking.*

*May 15, 1540*

*It's been a horrid three months in the desert. People are starting to grumble and complain because our supplies are getting low. Every day we pass a new village and we ask the Indians about the Seven Cities of Gold and they keep telling us "a little farther, a little farther."*

*July 7, 1540*

*Our supplies are almost completely out and many of us are starving. Luckily we find a large Indian city. I think they are called Pueblo. Coronado thinks it may be one of the lost cities of gold but the people don't look very rich to me. He demanded entrance to the city but the Indians wouldn't let us in. My boss has a very bad temper and he decided to go in anyway with some of his soldiers. He took*

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*some of their food and supplies. The Pueblos fought back and hurt Mr. Coronado badly.*

*August 7, 1540*

*It's been tough exploring this past month. The supplies we took from the Pueblo are beginning to run out and Mr. Coronado is still hurt very badly from his wounds. But news came today that we are very near Cibola, the city of Gold. Mr. Coronado is in much better spirits, but I'm not so sure he should get his hopes up.*

*September 27, 1540*

*Today I woke up to shouts of joy. The men were screaming that we finally arrived at Cibola, the city of gold. I've never seen Mr. Coronado so upbeat. By lunchtime, though, people were in a worse mood than before and I've never seen Mr. Coronado so furious. He has not left his tent all afternoon. It turns out there was no gold at all. I wonder if I should have told him about my suspicions.*

*September 28, 1540*

*Mr. Coronado was still angry today. He fired our guide, Fray Marcos, and made him go back to Mexico. Mr. Marcos was crying when he left and no one would even look at him.*

*November 1, 1540*

*An indian came today and told Mr. Coronado about Quivira, another city of gold. We nicknamed him the Turk and he offered to show us the way. Mr. Coronado said we would leave in six months. I hope he's not disappointed again.*

*April 23, 1541*

*We set out for Quivira today. People are upbeat but not as spirited as last time. I think they are starting to wonder too.*

*June 23, 1541*

*It's been two months and the land has changed to a long, flat plain. The plains have these strange, flat mountains on them. They look like tables. The good news is that there are herds and herds of cow-like creatures. Mr. Coronado sent out a hunting party to bring in some meat. They killed a few and we had a feast. I haven't eaten this much delicious food since we started this expedition.*

*June 30, 1541*

*Mr. Coronado has decided to stay a few days on the plain to hunt some more and rebuild our supplies. I've even started to gain a little weight. I feel much stronger. We've met some of the local Indians. They are friendly people and they call themselves the Teyas. In honor of them, we've named this place Teyas. Soon we leave again to find Quivira.*

*July 1, 1541*

*We left today for Quivira. People are very excited but I think it's just because we have been eating well.*

*August 2, 1541*

*Exploring is getting very hard again. People are complaining again and we are running out of meat. I miss those cow creatures. Every day the Turk keeps telling us "almost there." I told Mr. Coronado that I thought the Indians were lying, but he wouldn't listen to me. He kept saying, "you'll see, you'll see."*

*August 15, 1541*

*We passed another village today. Not a speck of gold in sight. I hope we find Quivira soon. Mr. Coronado is in a pitiful mood again.*

*August 25, 1541*

*We found a larger Indian city today. The Turk says it is Quivira. This doesn't look at all like a city of gold. There are straw huts and the only thing made of metal was a copper bell. No gold anywhere. Mr. Coronado was furious. I think he was a little sad too. I'm pretty sure he knew this was going to happen but gold makes people do funny things.*

*August 26, 1541*

*Mr. Coronado explained to me that he was going to punish the Turk for lying to us. He told me to stay in my tent. I don't know what they did to the Turk, but I never saw him again.*

*April 12, 1542*

*After spending the winter on the banks of a large river, we finally started the journey home. I can't wait to get home, but it has been a great adventure. I've met many people and seen many new things. The most amazing thing I've seen was a humongous canyon. Mr. Coronado hasn't talked much these past few months. I think he knows he's in big trouble when he gets home.*